

AN: You know the drill by now. It's everyone's favourite Friday night comedy: *Cheese!* What will our three miserable miscreants get up to this time? Read and find out!

Cheese

Break

Scene One – Apartment

(The apartment is empty. The door, however, is open. TPYMK's voice can be heard from outside.)

TPYMK: Oh, Greg! Could you give me a hand with these suitcase— *Wah!*

(A huge crashing sound is heard. TPYMK tumbles down an unseen flight of steps, along with several large suitcases. He picks himself up, walking into the apartment.)

Oh, well – saved a bit of time.

(He looks around. Greg is passed out on the sofa.)

Greg! What are you doing? You're supposed to be helping me with the packing!

(He walks over to Greg.)

Greg! Wake up! Right this minute!

(He punches Greg in the face. The drunk just smiles.)

Greg!

(He punches him again. No reaction.)

That's it!

(In his frustration, TPYMK grabs the 80s TV from the table and smashes it over Greg's head. He instantly wakes up, looking around frantically.)

GREG: I don't know the answer! Pass!

TPYMK: I can't leave you alone for more than one minute, can I? We're supposed to be going on holiday!

GREG: I was just having a little rest, that's all. I had fifty-six cases of Budweiser to finish off; I needed a little nap afterwards.

TPYMK: I've only been gone for five minutes!

GREG: Yeah, well, I'm quick.

TPYMK: It looked like more than a nap to me.

GREG: Yeah – well, it wasn't really a nap. Sort of a... alcohol-induced coma, actually.

TPYMK: You really need to get help for your alcohol problems, Greg.

GREG: But I am!

TPYMK: How – by cutting down on it by one drop?

GREG: No! I'm taking medication for it.

(TPYMK looks impressed.)

TPYMK: Oh, really? Well, what kind of medication?

GREG: Alcoholic mouthwash.

(TPYMK scowls and kicks Greg in the groin.)

TPYMK: Now, let that be a lesson to you!

(Greg falls onto the floor in pain.)

GREG: That really hurt, you know!

TPYMK: And so does this!

(TPYMK kicks him in the face this time, knocking him onto his back.)

GREG: I think I can see stars.

TPYMK: Don't be absurd, Greg.

GREG: Now I can see my life flashing before my eyes. It's just a sort of... blank screen, really. Nothing that interesting to speak about.

TPYMK: Greg, shut up. You should be seen and not heard. Well, you shouldn't even be *seen*, actually. In fact, it would be much more preferable for the western society to see you fade away into nothingness.

(Greg clambers to his feet.)

GREG: It'll take a lot more than society to stop me. Not to mention I'm making the alcohol industry a lot of money – I'm their best customer!

TPYMK: Oh, never mind. Where's Dan?

DAN: I'm here!

(Dan steps in through the door, wearing a huge Eskimo-like coat, swimming trunks, black sunglasses and flippers on his feet.)

TPYMK: What the hell are you dressed like that for?

DAN: I'm dressed for our holiday!

TPYMK: What kind? An alien's holiday?

DAN: Well, you haven't told us where the hell we're going – so I'm dressed for every possible occasion.

GREG: No, you haven't. What if we end up in space? You don't have a helmet to breathe with.

DAN: Damn! I knew I'd forgotten something! Be right back!

(Dan hurries out again. TPYMK shakes his head.)

TPYMK: I don't know what the world is coming to.

GREG: I know how you feel. It's filled with poorly written

stories and awful comedy scripts.

TPYMK: Indeed. Whoever writes them should be shot in the face!

(Greg pulls a pistol out of his pocket.)

GREG: Good idea!

(Greg shoots himself in the head, falling over.)

Ow. That's gonna leave a nasty bruise.

TPYMK: Greg, are you all right?

(Greg stands up. Blood and brains are pouring out of both sides of his head.)

GREG: Oh, yeah, fine. Now, I don't want to worry anyone, but I'm rapidly losing consciousness—

(Greg collapses to the floor, motionless.)

TPYMK: Guess I'd better find the bandages...

(TPYMK scurries away.)

Ten Minutes Later...

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat at the kitchen table. Greg has a large bandage wrapped around his forehead. Dan is still dressed in his ridiculous clothing.)

TPYMK: Now, we have to be ready for this, okay? I paid a lot of money for this holiday – and I'm not just gonna let it go to waste!

DAN: How did you manage to pay for it? We haven't got any money.

TPYMK: I managed to secure us a loan.

(Greg has taped three bottles of beer together, and is drinking from all of them at once.)

GREG: You managed to get us a loan?

DAN: But how did you prove to the bank that we could pay it back?

TPYMK: Oh, I didn't go to the bank. When I was walking through a dark alleyway the other day, I came across a lovely gentleman by the name of Mr Evil McNasty: the most violent loan shark in the world.

DAN: He sounds like a very kind man. What was the offer?

TPYMK: Turn up with the money by next week or we get turned inside out.

DAN: Not a bad offer.

TPYMK: And it only cost us nine thousand dollars!

GREG: Yeah... We haven't actually *got* nine thousand dollars.

TPYMK: I'm sure we'll think of something.

GREG: No, we won't. We never think at all. We just sort of... drift through life like a piece of abandoned debris from a shipwreck.

TPYMK: That's very philosophical, Greg.

GREG: Yeah, well, I'm drunk – what do you expect?

DAN: Will you tell us where we're going yet?

TPYMK: No. It wouldn't be a surprise, then, would it?

DAN: I guess not – but what if it coincides with one of my royal occasions?

TPYMK: What, you mean your appointment with the wedding dress shop?

(Dan's cheeks turn red.)

DAN: No!

TPYMK: It's really not healthy, Dan. I wouldn't be surprised if you were wearing a bra underneath that coat.

DAN: It's only a small one!

(He covers his mouth, horrified by what he's just said.)

GREG: Wow – what a freak!

TPYMK: Let's just forget about it for now. The process of preparing for this holiday is supposed to be fun and light-hearted. Stop making it confrontational!

(TPYMK smashes a glass over Greg's head.)

DAN: Well, that was ironic.

TPYMK: Shut up!

(TPYMK pulls an envelope out of his pocket.)

Now, I've got the tickets here, right? The bus departs at exactly eleven o'clock – and we mustn't be a minute late!

DAN: We're going on a bus?

TPYMK: Yes.

(He scoffs.)

Jeez, Dan, do you think we can afford a flight in this day and age? It would've cost me two thousand dollars!

(Dan narrows his eyes, confused.)

DAN: But you said you paid nine thousand—

(TPYMK slams Dan's face into the table. He then picks up a stapler and uses it to fix Dan's tongue to the table.)

TPYMK: That should shut him up.

DAN: Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!

TPYMK: Stop talking!

GREG: I suppose he must find the table tasty. Just like with my beer. 'Mmm', indeed!

(Greg takes a big swig from his conjoined bottles of beer.)

TPYMK: Now, Greg, are you packed for the holiday?

GREG: Certainly am!

TPYMK: Well, where are your suitcases?

GREG: I don't have any. I am wearing everything I need. Well, everything I *have*, actually.

TPYMK: Oh, right. I guess that makes things more practical, then.

DAN: Mmm! Mmm! Mmm!

TPYMK: I told you to shut up!

(TPYMK grabs Dan by the hair, yanking him upwards. He screams in pain.)

What are you wailing about?

DAN: *Tongue!*

(TPYMK looks back at the table. Dan's tongue is still stapled to it.)

TPYMK: Oh, for God's sake!

(TPYMK grabs Dan's tongue and rams it back into his mouth.)

There! Now, keep quiet!

(He turns to Greg.)

Greg, start packing the essentials for the holiday.

(Greg gives him a salute.)

GREG: I'll get right on it!

Twenty Minutes Later...

(Greg is stood over the sofa, trying to close a suitcase – but it's too full.)

GREG: Get in there!

(TPYMK walks over to Greg.)

TPYMK: Greg, have you packed all the things we need for the holiday?

GREG: Yes, I have!

TPYMK: Let's see.

(TPYMK opens the suitcase, only to find that it's overflowing with bottles of beer.)

Greg, you've just filled this with alcohol!

(Greg shrugs innocently.)

GREG: What else do you need? It's the only essential thing – especially for me!

TPYMK: I can't believe you would just fill a whole suitcase entirely with beer. It's ridiculous!

GREG: I haven't, actually! Look...

(Greg pulls out a bottle of suntan lotion.)

See? Suntan lotion! Ha-ha-ha!

(TPYMK takes the bottle from him, and shakes it.)

TPYMK: It's empty.

GREG: Yeah, well, I ran out of vodka last night – what else was I supposed to drink?

TPYMK: You're an idiot, Greg!

GREG: What else is new?

TPYMK: Right, that's it!

(TPYMK violently grabs Greg by the sides of his head, before twisting it around several times. *Crack!*)

GREG: My head is spinning – *literally*.

TPYMK: I'll just have to do all the packing myself! God, I hate it here!

(TPYMK rushes off.)

Scene Two – TPYMK's Bedroom

(TPYMK's bedroom is adorned with portraits of himself in seductive poses. The wallpaper is patterned with question marks and books.)

TPYMK: This shouldn't be too hard.

(TPYMK is stood over his bed, where a suitcase is placed. He's already packed a few things inside.)

So, I've packed my pens, my books, my spare sock and my lucky horseshoe. Should be enough. Might need some extra glass, just in case.

(TPYMK wanders over to the window – passing a painting of the Mona Lisa on the wall, only it has a picture of TPYMK's head glued to it – and smashes the glass with his fist.)

There we go!

(TPYMK gathers the glass in his arms and stuffs it into the suitcase.)

You never know when you might need something!

Scene Three – Apartment

(TPYMK hurries into the apartment, holding his suitcase. Greg is sat on the sofa, balancing a bowl on his lap. It's filled with beer. Dan is sat next to him.)

TPYMK: Greg, what are you doing?

GREG: Having some soup. *Alcohol* soup.

TPYMK: Why am I not surprised?

GREG: Because you've already read the script.

TPYMK: Shut up!

DAN: What time is it?

(TPYMK checks his watch.)

TPYMK: It's five o'clock! That means there's only six hours to go! We're cutting it close, you know!

DAN: No, we're not – the bus station is only two streets away.

TPYMK: You just keep your mouth shut! We have to leave – right now! Come on!

(TPYMK grabs Greg and Dan by their ears, dragging them away.)

DAN: Ow, ow, ow, ow, ow...

Scene Four – Bus

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg are sat at the back of the bus, which is empty. A few suitcases are piled next to them.)

TPYMK: Phew! That was a close one! We very nearly missed the bus!

DAN: We've been sitting here for over five hours. We were hardly going to miss it.

GREG: At least it gives me more time to drink!

(Greg takes a big gulp from a bottle of champagne.)

TPYMK: I'm so excited! This is going to be the best holiday ever!

DAN: So where are we going?

TPYMK: I can't possibly tell you, Dan.

DAN: Why not?

TPYMK: I don't know myself.

(Dan stares at him, his mouth dropping open.)

DAN: *You don't know yourself?*

TPYMK: No – I thought it might be a pleasant surprise for all of us. It's a mystery holiday! Isn't that fun?

GREG: So, what you're saying is that, for all we know, our holiday could be in a fiery pit of doom?

TPYMK: Yeah.

GREG: Brilliant!

(Greg takes another swig from the bottle.)

This is turning out to be quite a fun day!

(Dan checks his watch.)

DAN: We should be leaving in less than a minute.

TPYMK: Oh, I can't wait! Just think of all the fun things that we'll be doing!

GREG: What, you mean like last year?

DAN: Where we sat in the room all day playing Monopoly while it rained outside?

TPYMK: Probably. Isn't it exciting?

(The bus suddenly starts up, roaring to life. It starts moving.)

DAN: Here we go. I suppose this journey will take a few hours.

TPYMK: But it'll be worth it.

(The bus suddenly stops.)

GREG: Is that it?

(TPYMK grins.)

TPYMK: Oh, we must be here!

Scene Five – Street

(TPYMK, Dan and Greg stand on the corner of a street in the pouring rain. Their suitcases are piled next to them. The bus drives off at lightning speed.)

DAN: Is this it? Is this our holiday?

(TPYMK pulls the tickets out of his pocket.)

TPYMK: Yep – Misery Street! Isn't it great? This is five-star accommodation at its best!

DAN: But this is out street! Where we live!

TPYMK: Oh, stop complaining, Dan. We might as well make the most of it.

(TPYMK sits down on the ground.)

I guess I'll sleep here. You two had better choose a bed.

DAN: Yeah. *My* bed. See ya.

(Dan walks off down the street. Greg follows him.)

TPYMK: Greg, wait! You can't just leave me here!

GREG: Now, there's a point.

(Greg turns around and walks back towards TPYMK. He then picks up his suitcase full of beer before striding off again.)

Bye, then!

TPYMK: I thought you weren't going to leave me?

GREG: Not with my suitcase there. I have a night of drinking to be getting on with. Bye!

TPYMK: But this is supposed to be our holiday! We should be sleeping right now!

GREG: Well, *you* can.

(Greg whacks TPYMK across the face with his suitcase, knocking him out.)

The End

AN: Wow – that was one exciting break, wasn't it? So typical of me to book us a holiday to our own street... That was a weird episode – but, as always, I enjoyed myself! And I hope you did, too!